

JEFFERSONIAN

BY RICHARD JACOS,

"The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people."—Constitution of the United States.

EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

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A GOOD OFFER.

To any person who will procure for us five new subscribers and forward the cash free of postage, shall be entitled to one copy of the Jeffersonian for one year gratis.

AGENTS:

ROBERT HIGHT, Louisville, Mo.
Geo. W. HARLOW, Kosciusko, Mo.
Wm. A. KEITH, Carthage, Mo.
BETHELL HAYNES, Clinton, La.

RELIGION—WHAT IS IT?

'Tis not to go church to-day,
To look devout and seem to pray,
And ere to-morrow's sun goes down,
Be dealing scandal through the town.

Not every sanctimonious face
Denotes the certain reign of grace;
A phiz that seems to scowl at sin
Oft veils HYPOCRACY within.

'Tis not to mark our duty's walk
Or of our own good deeds to talk,
And to practice secret crime,
And so mispend and waste our time.

'Tis not for sects and creeds to fight,
And call their zeal the rule of right,
When all their wish is, at the best,
To see their church exceed the rest.

'Tis not to wear the Christian's dress,
And love to al mankind profess;
Then treat with scorn the suffering poor
And fast against them close the door.

'Ah, no! Religion means not this,
Its fruit far sweeter, fairer is;
In heavenly soil alone it thrives,
And more than blossoms where it lives.

Religion! 'tis the rule of life,
The bond of love, the death of strife,
Its precepts this: to others do
As you would have them do to you.

It grieves to hear an ill report,
And scorns with human woes to sport,
Of other's deeds it speaks no ill,
But tells of good, or else is still.

And does Religion this impart?
Oh, may our souls its influence court!
Haste, haste the bright, the blissful day,
When the whole earth shall own its sway.

From the Portland Tribune.

THE OLD BUREAU.

BY C. D. COLESWORTHY.

CHAPTER I.

Where'er a single human breast
Is crushed by pain and grief,
There I would ever be a guest,
And sweetly give relief.

As we were passing down Exchange street, several years ago, we stopped in front of an auction room, to examine the various articles which were to be sold under the hammer. We had been there a few moments when we heard a female voice enquiring, "Is this old bureau to be sold to-day?" On looking up we perceived that the question had been put to us, by a young lady, whose pleasant but sad countenance struck us at once. We replied that all the articles on the side walk would be disposed of to the highest bidder.

"I should like this bureau, if it goes low enough," she said, pointing to an old fashioned article that was standing among the other furniture, but I never bought any thing at auction in my life, and as I see no woman here, I don't

know as it would be proper for me to bid.

"It would be perfectly proper, we remarked, but if you wish it I will bid off the bureau."

"If you will sir, I shall be greatly obliged to you."

"How high are you willing I should go?"

"I don't know exactly, how much it is worth; but if it sells for three or four dollars you may buy it."

"Shall I speak to a hencartman to leave it at your house?"

"No, sir; I will call at noon and settle for it, and have it taken away, leaving us to wonder who she was' and of what use the old piece of furniture could be to her. We examined it—took out the drawers—but saw nothing remarkable about it. At eleven o'clock, when the auction commenced, we were present, and after waiting nearly an hour the auctioneer remarked, 'we will now sell the bureau. What will you give, gentlemen?'"

One man offered two dollars, another three, and we bid half a dollar more. Four dollars were bid—four and a half, and five dollars. We were astonished that the old thing should bring so high a price. What could we do? See it sold and disappear the lady? The thought struck us that it might have belonged to some friend, and she wished to purchase it on that account, and rather than disappoint her we resolved to bid again. Six dollars were offered by another, to our utter astonishment; but when our hand is in, and we wish for an article we seldom let another outbid us, and so we offered, until the old bureau ran up to ten dollars—and we purchased it for a half a dollar more. Certainly we would not have given but four for it, to use ourself. However, we bought it, and had it sent to our room, telling the auctioneer, if a lady should call for it, to inform her where it may be found. We examined it again and again, and began to regret our purchase, feeling almost certain that the young lady would not thank us for what we had done; but we never mourn over a bad bargain. Our philosophy will not permit us to do so.

A little after dusk as we were sitting at our sanctum, the young lady came in with an apology for intruding and remarked, "You bought the bureau—so the auctioneer told me."

"Yes, I bought it, but at an extravagant price, I assure you."

"What did you give?"

"Ten dollars and a half."

"You astonish me. What can I do? I had no idea that it would bring over three or four dollars, and am not prepared to pay for it to-night."

"I suppose it was foolish in me to give so much for it, but I presumed you wanted it very much."

"I did sir, and would not value paying double the amount of the bureau, if I were able, rather than not have it."

"So I apprehended. Perhaps it may have belonged to some friend of yours?"

"Yes, sir, that bureau was once my mother's; and I noticed a tear come in her eye, which she endeavored to conceal—but she is dead now, and I wish to keep it in remembrance of her."

"Thinking the lady might be poor, we told her she might take the bureau that night, if she wished, and pay us for it when she found it convenient."

"I am greatly obliged to you for your kindness; but would rather you should keep it until it is paid for."

We urged her to take it, but she refused, saying, "I will see what I can do, and call in a day or two and see you," and bidding us good evening, she left us.

There is something very mysterious about this woman thought we. It may be that she is very poor and perhaps in very destitute circumstances. But she shows an excellent heart, and the warmest attachment to a deceased mother.—Her education must have been good, and she has evidently seen better days. And we thought the next time she called upon us, we would ascertain something of her character and circumstances—perhaps her name—which we felt deeply anxious to learn.

In a day or two the young lady called upon us again, and with tears in her eyes, remarked—"I don't know what you will think of me, but all the money I have in the world are five dollars, this I have brought you towards the bureau you were so kind as to purchase for me." So saying she placed the money before us in silver.

"I shall not take this money at present," we remarked. "I can do without it. You may take the bureau if you want it, and when you are able at some future time, you may pay for it."

She expressed a great deal of gratitude, and said, "I had rather you would take what I have," and nothing we could say would induce her to take her money again.

"You appear to have seen affliction?" we remarked, as we saw tears in her eyes.

"Not much, sir. I must confess that I have not always been as poor as I am at present; for I have seen better days. When my parents were living I never knew what it was to want for any thing now I cannot say so."

"How long have your parents been dead?"

"About six years since my father died; and it was four years ago last Saturday when my mother was buried."

"At the mention of her mother's name the tears came fast to her eyes; a tender chord was touched; we saw it and made no more inquiries; when she took her leave."

It was nearly six weeks before we seen the young lady again. She then called on us with the remainder of the money we had paid for the bureau.

We protested against receiving it at the time, thinking that it might have been inconvenient for her to pay it, but she insisted that we should have it, saying, "I am under great obligations to you for your kindness. Had it not been for you I should have lost the bureau; the only relic of my mother; for it was impossible for me to raise the amount you so generously paid. I shall never forget your kindness."

"Do you wish to take the bureau away?"

"I have spoken to a cartman, who will call here in a short time and have it removed out of the way; for I suppose you will be glad to get rid of it."

"Not at all. I am pleased that I was instrumental of a little service to you, and if ever you need assistance, I shall always be as ready to render it."

"I thank you sir with all my heart."

At this moment the man came for the bureau, and bidding us good evening the lady left our room.

CHAPTER II.

I ask a lowly cot

With sweet content within.

Where envy shall molest me not,

Nor pride shall tempt to sin.

"Going, going; will you give but two dollars for this nice bureau," exclaimed Mr. Bailey, the auctioneer, a year or two since, as we were passing down Exchange street, "Mr. C." he said turning to us, "buy this bureau, it is cheap enough, it is worth more for kindling wood than it is going for; just look at it; going, going; speak quick or you lose it."

"Two dollars and fifty cents," we bid, as we saw it was the same bureau that we had bought several years before for ten dollars and a half, and the bureau was knocked off to us.

This is singular enough, thought we, as we had the article carried to our room. Where is the young woman who formerly owned it? Who was she?

We made several inquiries, but could not ascertain who she was or what had become of her. The bureau had been carried to the auction room by an individual whom Mr. Bailey never saw before and all our enquiries to ascertain what became of the young lady, seemed fruitless.

Several months passed by, and still we heard nothing of the young lady, when one day, not knowing but we might get some clue to the former owner, we took out all the drawers separately, and examined them. We saw no writing whatever. In the back of the under draw, we noticed that a small piece of pine had been inserted. It looked as if it had been done to stop defect. Prying it with a knife it came out, when to our astonishment, we found several gold pieces to the value of about fifty dollars, besides a note for twenty-five hundred dollars with interest, value received, made payable to Sarah R—, when she should become of age; it was a witnessed note, and had been running about ten years, signed by a very wealthy man whose reputation for honesty was not exceedingly good. Without mentioning to a single individual what we had discovered, we immediately renewed our efforts to ascertain who Sa-

rah R—was and where she was to be found. We learned that a girl of his name once lived with Capt. P—, and did the work of the kitchen. Of him we could obtain but little information. His wife recollected the girl and spoke of her in the highest terms. She believed she had married a mechanic and retired from the city, but his name she could not recollect. By repeated inquiries we ascertained that Sarah with her husband lived on a small farm on the road that leads to Saco. Taking an early opportunity, we started for the residence of the young woman. After several inquiries on the road, we were directed to the house. It was a pleasant situation, a little from the road, while every thing looked neat about the dwelling. As we drove up to the cottage, who should come to the door but the very woman we had been so anxious to find. She recognized us at once.

"Why, Mr. C—, how glad I am to see you!" Where in the world did you come from? Walk in and take a seat." Her husband was present an intelligent looking man to whom she presented me.

"I have often thought of you," she remarked, and when in Portland have been tempted to call and see you; but although I have not called, be assured I have not forgotten your kindness, and I never shall forget it."

"But you seem happier than when I last saw you."

"Be assured sir, I am. My husband has hired this little farm, where we have resided for the last two years, and we make a comfortable living, and are as happy as we could wish. In the course of a few years if we have our health, and prosper, we are in hopes to be able to purchase the farm."

"What does the owner value it at?"

"He values it at about fifteen hundred dollars."

"We have had to purchase a great many farming things, or we should have made a payment towards it."

"But what has become of your bureau?"

"I fear I shall never see it again," she remarked, and after a pause, said, "I believe I have never told you how I have been situated."

"You never did."

"When my mother died, it was thought she left some property in the hands of an uncle of mine, that would come to me when I become of age; but he said it was not the case. With him I resided a short time."

"Was your uncle's name Mr. —?"

"Yes sir; that was his name. He was very unkind to me; made me work so hard, and was so cross that I was obliged to leave him, and earn my living by doing the work of a kitchen girl. One day I learned that he was about to dispose of what property my mother left, to pay an old debt of hers. As soon as I found it was correct, I immediately went to the auction and found it true.—You know about the bureau; the only article of my mother's property I could purchase; and had it not been for your kindness, that would have gone with the rest. The money I paid you was earned in the kitchen. As I found it inconvenient to carry the bureau with me, being obliged to change my place. I asked aunt's permission to put it in her garret, which permission she granted. On calling for it, when I was married, I learned that uncle had disposed of it with some other things at auction. I would rather have lost a hundred dollars; not that the piece of furniture possessed any real value, but it belonged to my beloved mother; (a tear came to the poor woman's eye,) and on that account I did not wish to part with it. But it was gone, and it was useless to speak to uncle about it; he was entirely indifferent to me and what concerned me."

"Suppose I shall tell you that I have the bureau in my office?"

"Is it possible?" You astonish me, Mr.—, have you indeed the old bureau?"

"I have, and what is better I have something for you here. Taking out the gold and note and placing them upon the table, these are yours."

"Why, sir, you more and more astonish me."

"They are yours. After I became owner of the bureau, I found the gold and this note, concealed in one of the drawers. There are nearly fifty dollars and the note is good against your uncle, for nearly three thousand dollars; every

cent of which you can recover."

The astonished lady could not speak for some moments; but when she recovered from her surprise, she could only express her gratitude in tears; nay more, she offered us half the amount, but we merely told her, that it pleased us more to have justice done her and be instrumental of adding to the happiness of those we considered so worthy as herself and husband.

When we left we promised to call on her soon again, and in the mean time to make arrangements for her to receive her just dues from her unworthy uncle.

The old man demurred a little at first but when he found he could wrong her no longer, he paid the note with interest; begging us not to expose him.

Sarah's husband purchased the farm on which he resided, stocked it well and is now an independent farmer.—Two happier souls it is difficult to find than Sarah and her husband. May prosperity attend them to the close of life. We often call at the farm house of our friends and spend there many a happy hour. It was but a week or two since that we saw them, and they seemed as cheerful and contented as it is possible for mortal to be.

REV. ROBERT HALL.

The following anecdote are related of the late Rev. Robert Hall:

"He had one day attended a church, where a young minister preached on some public occasion. It so happened that the preacher met Mr. Hall afterwards, at dinner, at the house of a mutual friend. The young man was very anxious to hear Mr. Hall's opinion of his discourse, and very pertinaciously plied the great man with questions respecting it. Hall endured the annoyance, for some time, with great patience. He did not want to hurt the young man's feelings; but he could not conscientiously, laud his sermon. At length, worried beyond endurance, he said—

"Well, sir, there was one fine passage—and I liked it much, sir—much."

"The young divine rubbed his hands, in high glee, and pressed Mr. Hall to name it."

"Why, sir replied Hall, the passage I alluded to was—your passage from the pulpit to the vestry!"

A young lady sent her album to him, and he returned it with the following, written upon one of its leaves:

"It is my humble opinion that albums are very foolish things."

ROBERT HALL.

"His marriage was a singular one. One day, whilst alighting at a friend's door, for the purpose of dining with him he was joked on his bachelorhood.—He said nothing; but whilst at table was observed to take particular notice of the servant girl who came in to replenish the fire. After dinner he went into the garden, sent for the young woman, and asked her to marry him. In her astonishment she ran away and said she believed Mr. Hall had gone mad again—(he had been once deranged.) Her master, like herself, was surprised; and on his speaking with Mr. Hall on the subject, the latter declared his intention of marrying the girl, who, had taken his fancy by the manner in which she put the coals on. They were married and lived happily together. His widow survives him."

More Irons in the Fire.

The Rev. Mr. Colton, the author of the "Junius Tracts" of the last campaign, has announced his intention of publishing "The Life and Time of Henry Clay." It will appear in two volumes; and the value of its contents has been ushered forth with a preliminary flourish of trumpets by six whig gentlemen of New York—three "honorables" and three "esquires"—who certify that they have seen portions of the MS, and—

"That the author's peculiar and well-known powers as a writer have been strikingly displayed, both in the plan and execution of this new task, which is now nearly completed. He has imparted to a familiar subject the freshness and charm of novelty, not only by his mode of treating it, but by the new matter which a thorough exploration of this rich field has afforded. Among the numerous topics of captivating interest, the new light in which he has placed the alleged 'bargain' between Mr. Adams and Mr. Clay, and the disclosures he has made regarding it, by the presentation of new and documentary evi-